

EXHIBIT S

132.

MAVERICK
I didn't realize you were qual'ed on
the F-14.
(Boogie's silent, Mav grins)
That's right. Shut your suck and do
what I say.

Mav climbs the ladder and straps into the driver's seat.

INT. F-14, COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Mav re-orientes himself to the cockpit - it's been a while.

MAVERICK
(holds out 1 finger)
Hit 1!

Power suddenly surges into the cockpit, displays light up ---
Mav checks the fuel: full bag of gas.

MAVERICK (CONT'D)
(holds out 2 fingers)
Two!

The Start-Cart suddenly roars to deafening life as air is forced
into the right engine. The right engine whirs up --- Mav brings
the throttle up the idle --- igniting the engine with a
THUNDEROUS BLAST ---

EXT. F-14, TWO-WALLED AIRCRAFT BUNKER - CONTINUOUS

Smoke is blasted away from the rear of the jet as the right
engine spits exhaust ---

INT. F-14, COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Mav looks ahead --- through the smoke he sees Hostile Soldiers
moving across the blasted runway - coming to investigate the
noise of the jet's ignition.

Mav waves to Boogie frantically --- makes a signal to disconnect
followed by a chopping motion and points towards the soldiers.

EXT. F-14, TWO-WALLED AIRCRAFT BUNKER - CONTINUOUS

Boogie glances out and sees the soldiers --- he kicks into
high gear, darts towards the Jet --- rips out the two cords
from the Start-cart --- then scrambles towards the left rear
flight-control wing.

ANGLE ON REAR OF JET --- Boogie struggles to pulls himself up
onto the wing --- 5' feet off the ground --- it's LOUD AS HELL
only 8 feet away from the ignited Right Engine ---

133.

As he hauls himself up, his E-Sat Radio slips out of his vest slides off the plane --- shattering on the tarmac ---

BOOGIE

Shit!

Boogie can do nothing, he dashes up the length of the plane and then swings around the canopy, dropping into the rear seat.

INT. F-14, COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Boogie frantically straps in and connects to the Jet as Mav fires Left engine and lowers the canopy.

BOOGIE

I'm up!

EXT. F-14 - CONTINUOUS

Spitting fire out the back, the F-14 starts trundling out onto the taxi-way ---

Mav waves to the confused soldiers and gives them a thumbs up ---

BOOGIE

What are you doing?

MAVERICK

Act like you belong. You think they have any idea two Americans are jacking a plane?

Boogie waves ---

The soldiers wave back unsurely ---

INT. F-14, COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

BOOGIE

All right dude, both runways are cratered --- how are you going to get us in the air?

MAVERICK

I saw a service road along the runway ---

BOOGIE

Is it wide enough?

MAVERICK

We'll find out ---

134.

EXT./INT. F-14, TAXI-WAY

Mav guides the F-14 through taxiway --- staying away from any areas of rubble that could damage the motors ---

MAVERICK
Send a message and tell them we're
Bob Hoovering it ---

BOOGIE
(defeated)
I can't, I, ugh, I lost the radio!

MAVERICK
You what?!

BOOGIE
I'll just get up on GUARD and contact
the E-2 ---

MAVERICK
Negative --- we do that and we're a
big old bullseye for every enemy
fighter within 200 miles. We have to
get in friendly airspace first ---

EXT./INT. F-14, SERVICE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Barely 3000' of asphalt road before it reaches a cluster of
SUPPORT SHACKS --- Smoke wafting over it. Can't see very well.

BOOGIE
This is going to be tight.

MAVERICK
Don't sweat it.

Mav puts his flaps down full and lights the blowers --- the F-14 surges down the road, rapidly picking up speed ---

Mav working the rudders, trying to keep the jet straight on the uneven surface ---

Shacks bearing down on them ---

BOOGIE
Holy --- shiiiiit ---

Mav squeezes every ounce of lift from the plane and rips them out of gravity's grasp --- raising the landing gear just inches away from the Support shacks ---

INT. F-14, TEARING INTO THE SKY - CONTINUOUS

Boogie and Mav shout in triumph as the jet rips into the sky ---

GRAY0087

135.

BOOGIE

That was shit hot! I can't believe we pulled it off!

MAVERICK

Don't ring your own bell just yet. We only have two AIM-9s and 500 rounds for the Vulcan. Bust out your GPS and get me a fast steer to the nearest friendly divert ---

Boogie pulls out his hand-held GPS ---

INT. TFCC - USS STENNIS - LATER

Admiral Horan, Admiral Simpson, the Airwing Commander, SHIP CAPTAIN and his chief of staff stand in front of all the watch-screens.

REAR ADMIRAL HORAN

Sir, based on their last GPS, we expect them to reach the extraction point in two hours. However Kozolov's forces are now on high alert and they've launched the majority of their airborne assets ---

ADMIRAL SIMPSON

How many are we looking at?

REAR ADMIRAL HORAN

About 50 fighters.

There's a beat of grim silence throughout the room: this is going to be a mess.

ADMIRAL SIMPSON

All right --- start planning --- I need to make a few phonecalls ---

EXT./INT. F-14, OVER HOSTILE TERRITORY - LATER

Boogie's looking around the back seat in frustration. There's a big circular display in front of him, but it's dark.

BOOGIE

I don't even know what I'm looking at back here --- where's the "on" switch?

MAVERICK

Between your legs, You see the switch in the lower right corner.

BOOGIE

Yes.

136.

MAVERICK
Select transmit ---

BOOGIE
Selected.
(frustrated)
I've still got nothing.

MAVERICK
(getting frustrated)
All right, find the AUG-9 power circuit
breaker --- left back-bulkhead - right
of beam to your chest.

Boogie twists, trying to see behind him ---

BOOGIE
All the labels are worn off, how the
hell do I find it? This jet sucks!

MAVERICK
(panicked)
Boogie! Boogie! Left 9 Low! What is
that?

Boogie looks left --- Mav suddenly yanks the Jet into a sharp
right-hand turn --- Boogie's head bangs off the canopy ---
HARD.

BOOGIE
Aghhh!

ANGLE ON MAV: We can see Mav is smiling behind his mask.

MAVERICK
Damn, that sounded like it hurt! Did
it hurt?

BOOGIE
Screw you.

MAVERICK
If you can't get it together and your
quit whining, the least you can do is
keep your head on a swivel.

BOOGIE
Dude, all these switches, how did my
dad do it all and still keep his head
in the game?

MAVERICK
(bittersweet)
I have no idea.
(MORE)

GRAY0089

137.

MAVERICK (CONT'D)
Goose worked his juju and always came
through in the clutch. He was an
artist.

There's a moment --- neither one talking.

BOOGIE
Tally 2, left 7 o'clock. 3 miles,
level. Looks like they're joining on
us.

Mav looks left ---

POV MAV: two Su-30s in loose formation sliding up to pull
alongside his left wing ---

The Su's pull up within 30' - close enough to exchange
handsignals ---

BOOGIE (CONT'D)
What's the move? What are we going to
do?

MAVERICK
They think we have no radio. Stay
chili and act like you belong. As
long as they think we're friendly,
we're cool.

Mav signals to the closest Su-30 - tapping the side of his
head twice and giving a thumbs down: No radio.

MAVERICK (CONT'D)
(to himself)
I have no radio.

The Su-30 pilot nods and waves his right hand up and down ---

MAVERICK (CONT'D)
What? I have no idea. I've never seen
that hand signal.

BOOGIE
Great.

Mav repeats his signal back to the pilot: no radio again.

MAVERICK
No radio.

The Su-30 pilot makes another wave: right hand over his head.

138.

MAVERICK (CONT'D)
All right, we have a communication
breakdown.

The Su-30 pilot pulls his mask up --- clearly talking into it.

MAVERICK (CONT'D)
He's talking to somebody.

BOOGIE
Do they know we jacked this thing?

MAVERICK
If they knew, we'd be a smoking hole
already.

The second Su-30 starts to slowly drop back.

BOOGIE
I think they figured it out. Dash 2
is falling aft! Getting into a weapons
envelope! They're gonna engage!

The Lead Su-30 starts to drift away from the F-14.

BOOGIE (CONT'D)
1 is separating! Do something or we're
dead!

EXT. F-14 - CONTINUOUS

Mav Suddenly pulls into a hard Right on the Lead Su-30 --- the
Lead Su mirrors the move --- pulling Left towards Mav --- Tracer
fire ripping out from the guns of the Lead Su --- too early to
hit Mav's F-14 ---

Mav pulls tighter, inside the turn of the Lead Su-30 --- tracers
marking the path as he rakes the length of the Su-30's fuselage
with the F-14s Gatling cannon ---

Smoke and small flames erupt from both of the Lead Su's engines
as the plane starts descending for the deck --- out of control ---

BOOGIE
Break Left! Break Left! Smoke in the
air!

Mav breaks Left, dumping flares --- the missile drifts away to
the rear --- defeated by a flare as Mav continues pulling into
a knife-edge Merge left-to-left with the remaining Dash 2 Su-
30.

Both jets blast through the merge and go nose low and pull 45'
left turns and circling about in opposite directions ---

139.

MAVERICK
(scanning the sky)
I lost him! You tally?

BOOGIE
(looking over his shoulder)
Affirm! Keep your pull coming ---
roll a little left --- little left ---
right! He's left 10 1 mile. You got
him?

Mav glances up --- clocks the Su-30.

MAVERICK
Tally. Thanks Goose!

Mav pulls hard coming nose-on again with the Su-30 for another
merge ---

Both of them go pure vertical nose-down, scissoring ---

INT. F-14, COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Mav and Boogie are fighting against the high G-forces --- no G-
suits to aid them --- huffing breaths to fight off a black-out ---

EXT. F-14 - CONTINUOUS

Mav's pulling his jet a little harder, gaining elevation, while
Su drops lower --- Both jets reverse --- pulling back towards
another merge --- but this time, Mav is higher --- he's got an
advantage on the Su-30 below him ---

Just as Mav's pulling for the shot A SLEDGEHAMMER CONCUSSION
RINGS THROUGH THE F-14 --- a trilling warning blares out ---

Mav has no time to deal with it --- the Su-30s in his pipper
and he opens fire with the Gatling Cannon --- blasting the
engines with High Explosive Incendiary rounds ---

Fire rips out of the Su's engines and it spins off dumping
smoke --- pilot ejecting ---

INT. F-14, COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

The alarm continues to shriek ---

BOOGIE
What is that?

MAVERICK
Right engine's out. Gotta unload and
clear the stall ---

140.

Mav dives --- trying to force the engine to restart with raw air-pressure --- as the ground is starting to loom large ahead of them ---

Mav flips the right throttle back to idle ---

MAVERICK (CONT'D)
Attempting to re-light ---

Nothing happens ---

MAVERICK (CONT'D)
We're single engine --- Forget the divert --- we're going nose on to the ship because we've got gas for nothing else ---

Mav levels off from their descent and throttles the left engine back, climbing back up ---

BOOGIE
Mav, man, we're in a bind, everyone's gotta be vectoring on us --- either we're going to be run down by Kozolov's dudes or get it in the face from ours ---

INT. TFCC

The room is on alert.

COMMS-CREW #2
Sir, we have two groups hot to the boarder --- Leader is single, trail is Heavy --- We're going to push the DCA's out to engage ---

ADMIRAL SIMPSON
Sounds good.

INT. F-18F, OVERKILL/TOEJAM - MOMENTS LATER

OVERKILL
Shield 1-1, targetting lead group ---
Master-arm on ---

Overkill moves her finger towards the arming trigger

MAVERICK (over radio)
99 Shogun. This is Dagger 1-1 and Dagger 1-2 on Guard. We have re-acquired an F-14. We are 5 miles north of border. Angels 10. Track south. We are single engine.

141.

OVERKILL
(shocked)
Lead group. Friendly! Friendly! Target
trail group!

SKIDMARK (over radio)
Shield 2, Copy. Fox 3, two ships.

Two missiles streak from underneath Skidmark's wings ---
blasting forward at the distant Hostile Su-30s.

OVERKILL
Shield 1, Fox 3.

Missiles streak out from Overkill's F-18 half a mile away
heading into the distance.

INT. F-14, COCKPIT - MOMENTS LATER

Maverick and Boogie can see four missiles arcing over their
nose towards the unseen fighters chasing them.

INT. TFCC - USS STENNIS - CONTINUOUS

Everyone in the room is incredulous at the radio calls coming
through ---

AIR CONTROL OFFICER (over radio)
Trail group no longer a factor. Shield
flight join up and escort Dagger.

OVERKILL (over radio)
Shield. Copy.

Admiral Horan looks over at Simpson in surprise --- Simpson
just shakes his head, fighting a disbelieving smile ---

INT. F-14F, COCKPIT - MOMENTS LATER

Mav and Boogie look out as Overkill and Skidmark's F-18s pull
alongside in formation.

MAVERICK
Hey fellas, good to see you.

SKIDMARK (over radio)
Boss ride you guys jacked.

BOOGIE
Hey Toejam, you ever gonna get that
smile fixed.

TOEJAM (over radio)
You can't even see my smile.

142.

BOOGIE

Yes I can.

MAVERICK

I'm going to dirty up. Gears coming.
Give me a look over.

Mav "dirties up" the aircraft, gear down, flaps to full ---
the two F-18s dip low alongside to examine his craft.

OVERKILL (over radio)

Tomcat, I got some bad news for you.
You got two blown tires and not sure
on your hook right now, recheck hook
position.

Mav tries cycling the hook

MAVERICK

Cycled. What luck?

OVERKILL (over radio)

Still up.

AIR BOSS (over radio)

Tomcat say your state.

MAVERICK

2 point 4.

AIR BOSS (over radio)

Stand by ---

SHIP CAPTAIN (over radio)

Tomcat this is Old Salt. We don't
have enough gas to get you to the
beach. You've two options. Eject
alongside and we'll pick you up, or
we can catch you in the barricade ---
it's your call. Standing by.

BOOGIE

What do you think?

MAVERICK

I mean, I'm a little sore from that
first ejection today, I'm not up for
another one. Besides, you really want
to trust whoever packed these chutes?

BOOGIE

We get one shot with the barricade,
We get it right or we're done.

GRAY0095

143.

MAVERICK
Tower, we'll take barricade.

EXT. U.S.S. STENNIS AIRCRAFT CARRIER - MINUTES LATER

Overkill and Toejam's F-18 in comes to a trap-landing on the deck --- deck crew hurrying to get them out and get the deck clear.

AIR BOSS (over loudspeaker)
Recovery complete. Rig the barricade
for Tomcat!

EXT. DECK - USS STENNIS - MINUTES LATER

Organized chaos as Hundreds of Sailors in various colored coats work to remove the Trap-Wires --- raise Barricade Stanchions ---

Rig a massive 15-foot high Nylon net, stretching like a ping-pong net across the width of the landing deck ---

EXT. F-14, SKY NEAR USS STENNIS - MINUTES LATER

AIR BOSS (over radio)
Tomcat-1 barricade set. BRC 2-7-0-
Charlie.

Mav pulls the F-14 low, making a final approach on the deck ---

INT. F-14, COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

BOOGIE
Mav, you all right? Doing good?

MAVERICK
Yeah.

BOOGIE
You got this.

Mav nods --- stricken with a sudden rush of feelings.

MAVERICK
Boogie...

Mav trails off.

BOOGIE
I know. You too.

Mav reaches his hand back behind his head. Boogie grabs it and they shake hands warmly ---

144.

MAVERICK
Let's do this.
(snaps on his mask)
Tomcat-1, 3 miles.

EXT. VULTURES ROW - MOMENTS LATER

All the Officers and Execs stand in the crow's nest, watching the F-14's slow wobbling approach ---

INT. USS STENNIS - VARIOUS - CONTINUOUS

Everyone on deck, everyone in the ship watching on video monitors ---

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER (over loudspeaker)
Tomcat-1 3/4 of a mile - on glad-path,
on course, call the ball.

BOOGIE (over radio)
1-0-1 tomcat ball, single engine.

Skidmark, Fanby, Overkill and Toejam, all still wearing their flight gear watch from the deck, just below the main tower.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER
Keep it coming ---

EXT./INT. F-14 - MOMENTS LATER

Maverick is dialed in --- the deck of the Stennis approaching rapidly ---

POV NOSE OF THE JET: The deck slips beneath the front of the jet --- mere feet below

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER (over radio)
Cut! Cut! Cut!

The engine cuts out and everything does suddenly SILENT ---

Suddenly the landing gear hits down --- sparks trailling as the tire rims scrap across the non-skid steel flight deck ---

THE F-14 SLAMS INTO THE NYLON NET --- RIPPING IT FORWARDS AS IT DRAGS THE F-14 to a brutally sudden stop ---

Silence descends for a long beat, then a loud CHEER breaks out and the deck crews rush the jet ---

EXT. F-14, DECK, USS STENNIS - MOMENTS LATER

Mav and Boogie climb out of the jet, surrounded by the deck crews ---

GRAY0097

145.

Mav and Boogie embrace and then they're rushed by Overkill,
Toejam, Skidmark and Fanboy ---